

NEW JERSEY NEWS

Senator Smith is reported as being about to go into the newspaper business again. Besides attending to his numerous other self-assumed duties, the Senator has been a fairly successful editor in his time. This year he could find work for half a dozen papers to help him in that personal vindication which is part of the Democratic platform.

To-morrow is the day set for the trials in the Hudson County Quarter Sessions Court of Philip Blindernagle and Isaac Mansfield, who are charged with allowing houses owned by them to be used for gambling purposes. If these men could open the door to a complete exposure of the backwash of the gambling shops and all who received hush-money in any shape it would be more useful to the community than their own conviction and punishment.

The law requires that two of Newark's Fire Commissioners shall be Republicans. Augustus T. Dusenberry was nominated as a Republican, but the Republican Aldermen promptly refused to confirm him. If Dusenberry is the good Republican that he pretends to be it does seem odd that his defenders and apologists should be Democrats.

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The confidence and trust which we, the members of said Board, hold toward your body prompt us to believe that you did not mean to assail our characters in a regular session, with misuse of funds, we feel that our self-respect requires us to make some reply.

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Whereas, it is a well-known fact that the leader of the Democratic party has taken and used the privilege allowed all leaders by selecting candidates to suit himself, thereby ignoring the rights of the party, he being guided by his likes and dislikes. Therefore, be it

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The deputy collector of internal revenue is appointed by Collector Rutan, who will doubtless feel flattered by this ingenuous assumption that he has delegated the appointing power to "Bob" Davis. The Tax Commissioners are chosen by Justice Lippincott and Judge Hudspeth, and have warmly repudiated the notion that Davis can dictate their appointments.

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"The Observer" happens to be among the papers that were outpoken in denunciation of Senator Smith's conduct at the time of the passage of the Wilson bill, and the mere fact that the convention at Trenton practically made him the leader of the party in the State will not cause us to express a different opinion of the gentleman. We are not going to confess that we denounced him at that time without good reason. We are independent enough to repeat that he has not made a very creditable representative in the Senate, and that he has done nothing in that body or elsewhere which justifies the Democratic Convention in placing him as the head of the party.

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DR. REBECCA PAGE DEAD.

Plainfield, May 16.—Rebecca Porter Page, sixty-five years old, well known as one of the first women physicians in New-Jersey, died here this morning, after a long illness. Dr. Page was born in New-Brunswick, and was educated in the New-York Medical College for Women. She was a member of the New-York Academy of Medicine, and after graduating, she went to Hartford, Conn., and then came here, where she was unmarried.

ROWING ON THE HUDSON.

LITTLE ACTIVITY AMONG THE OARSMEN OF HOBOKEN.

THE ATLANTA THE ONLY CLUB TO ENTER ANY OF THE REGATTAS—A JUNIOR FOUR THAT IS LIKELY TO BE HEARD FROM—THE VALENCIA WILL ENJOY THEMSELVES IN THEIR OWN WAY.

While the oarsmen of the Passaic River are getting in readiness for their annual regatta, their brothers on the lower Hudson are also indulging in the same sport. The regatta in other streams, notably the great Harlem contest on Memorial Day, is particularly true of the Atlanta Boat Club, of Hoboken, which now has a crew training for the junior four race under one of the most competent professional coaches in the East.

In the early part of the year there was some talk of the removal of the boat club of Hoboken from the shore of the Hudson to a point on the Hackensack River near Rutherford, but the project was dropped when the unpopularity of such an action was shown by the words of discontent heard on all sides. The vast increase in the shipping and the disagreeably heavy tides had much to do with the suggestion of moving the clubs to other waters, but the oarsmen themselves yielded to the popular clamor and decided to remain, for the present at least, where they are. The Hackensack, which is less affected by the tides, and whose waters are less polluted than the Hudson, offered many inducements to young oarsmen, and it was really a great concession for them actually to withdraw from what seemed to them an opportunity for their own advancement.

Of the Hoboken clubs the Atlanta was most affected, for this organization has long been celebrated as one of the crack rowing clubs in the State, and has turned out more fast men perhaps than any other similar body in New-Jersey. In regattas, both on the Hudson and other streams, they have held their own, and the walls of the cozy little boat-houses are covered with emblems won in many a hard-fought race. Aside from its worth as a promoter of rowing, the club has the distinction of being, it is said, the oldest boat club in the United States. It was organized in 1858, when the members met in an old deserted canal-barge moored to the shore near the site of the present clubhouse at Hudson Square Park. Ever since that time the club has maintained an excellent reputation in rowing circles, and its oars have flashed in the waters of a number of other States besides New-Jersey. One of the trophies which adorn the walls of the boat-house is a blue banner, handsomely embroidered in gold, and bearing the legend: "To the Hoboken Boat Club of Hoboken, N. J., which was awarded to the club at a fair given by the women of St. Mary's Church."

In order that its crews may have the benefit of clear free water, the club has built a clubhouse at Guttenberg, where the crew which is in training for the Harlem River regatta is now stopping. The house is equipped like the training quarters of the big college crews, and everything that can add to the comfort of the men is furnished free by the other members of the club. The crew now working at Guttenberg consists of C. Puls, A. Haaselman, A. Unesich and H. Becker. All are strong young men, who have given promise of their ability to make their competitors humble.

The present staff of officers consists of O. A. Lehmann, president; George Tompkins, vice-president; George Storms, treasurer; H. Kilian, secretary; H. Schock, captain; E. Fuchs, first lieutenant; H. Siemer, second lieutenant; trustees, H. Timken, J. Siebolt and A. Hauger.

Besides the Valencia and the Atlanta, there are the Active and the Germania Boat Clubs, both of which have clubhouses and a fair membership. Neither of these takes much interest in aquatic contests, being mainly run for the enjoyment of the members.

Building Association Wins.

The Palestine Building Association of Jersey City was successful in its suit against Frederick Speymann, one of its members, who conducted the negotiations for the purchase of a site for the proposed hall of the association, and who retained \$25 as his commission. The association contended that he had voluntarily given his services, and that the money was his property. The court verdict in favor of the association for the amount claimed.

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RUINED BY SUNDAY BEER.

THE HIGH CHARACTER OF PORT LEE GONE BEYOND RECALL.

A MAGNIFICENT PROPERTY FAST GOING TO DESTRUCTION—CAT-ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESCUE SPOTS WITHIN EASY REACH OF NEW-YORK.

Embowered among stately sycamores, wide-reaching elms and graceful maples, at the southern end of the Palisades of the Hudson, stands an expensive monument of the ruin caused by Sunday beer. No more charming spot, so far as natural scenery is concerned, can be found within the boundaries of New-Jersey than the fifty or sixty acres which compose what was at one time called Port Lee Park, and which still retains that name, although it can be properly no longer called a "park."

Time was when gravelled walks, well-kept lawns, neatly trimmed shrubs and trees were the rule. The hotel, too, which is surrounded by these grounds, was both massive and magnificent. It was 500 feet long, and surrounded on three sides by a deck of the fourth by wide verandas, both on the ground floor and the story above. All the rooms, except a few on the western side, over-

looked the noble Hudson and its constantly changing panorama.

Out in the stream a lazy schooner is trying to stem the ebbing tide with scarcely enough wind to keep it stationary position; puffing tugboats, with long trains of scows and barges, are taking advantage of the tide and moving down the river. The water is dotted with small sails everywhere, and although the busy city is in plain view, here everything is quiet and serene. Squirrels chirp in the branches of the chestnuts as they gather their winter's store, and birds sing a roundelay at sunrise.

The hotel already mentioned is modern in every sense. The rooms are large, light and airy. A broad hall extends from one end to the other. The parlor, reception room and dining-room are everything that could be wished. There were electric bells throughout the house, and it was all thoroughly and luxuriously furnished. On the northern and most pleasant portion of the hotel is a barroom, and thereby hangs a tale.

The present gloom and decay is due to too much prosperity in this barroom. Beer and Sunday beer, at that first drove away respectability, then brought murder, and at last caused suicide to the temporary financial prosperity which it had brought with it. At last the name Port Lee has become a synonym for scenes of Sunday beer-guzzling and carousing of the most disgusting kind. A place made famous and historic by the patriots of the Revolution has now been made notorious by a glass of Sunday beer. And yet in spite of the fact that the hotel is visited by a rough gang of drunken loafers almost every Sunday afternoon in pleasant weather, it has been impossible to efface the natural beauty of the place.

True, the lawns are now unkempt and rough, the shrubs have become a mass of tangled brush, the trees are untrimmed, the gravel walks are full of ruts and rubbish, and the hotel has begun to show signs of decay. But the view is still there, the sycamores are just as stately as ever in spite of their dead limbs, the squirrels are just as sprightly, and the birds sing just as sweetly at dawn; and when the moon rises over the city and casts its rays on the rippling waters of the Hudson the scene from the hotel veranda is just as entrancingly romantic as of old.

The recent history of this particular spot is interesting. No one who is familiar with the beauties of the place will doubt the wisdom and good taste of the men who invested their money in a palatial hotel. It had all the elements of a superb summer resort, and was within easy reach of the metropolis. A sail of thirty or forty minutes up the Hudson from the downtown portion of the city was all that was needed to reach the hotel. The view was so attractive, the climate so healthy, and the water so pure, that it prospered. Bathing boats were built, and the incoming tide made the water almost as salty as the sea. There were shady walks, fine boating and good fishing for those so inclined. Not to be forgotten was the fact that the hotel was visited by a rough gang of drunken loafers almost every Sunday afternoon in pleasant weather, it has been impossible to efface the natural beauty of the place.

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